Now what my love is proofe hath made you know,
And as my love is ciz'd my feare is so:
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are feare;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.
King. Faith I must leave thee love, and shortly too.
My operant powers their functions leave to doe,
And thou shalt live in this faire world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd, and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou.
Quee. O confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast.
In second husband let me be accurst,
None wed the second but who kill'd the first:
The instances that second marriage move
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love:
A second time I kill my husband dead
When second husband kisses me in bed.
King. I do beleeve you thinke what now you speak,
But what we doe determine oft we breake,
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poore validity;
Which now the fruit unripe stickes on the tree,
But fall unshaken when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis that we forget
To pay our selves what to our selves is debt;
What to our selves in passion we propose,
The passion ending doth the purpose lose;
The violence of either griefe or joy
Their owne enactures with themselves destroy;
Where joy most revells griefe doth most lament:
Griefe joy, joy griefes, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange,
That even our loves should with our fortunes change:
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
The great man downe, you marke his favourite flies,
The poore advanc'd makes friends of enemies:
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,

Ham. That's wormwood.

For

For who not needs shall never lacke a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates doe so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrowne:
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne.
So thinke thou wilt no second husband wed,
But dye thy thoughts when thy first Lord is dead.
Quee. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven ligh
Sport and repose locke from me day and night,
To desperation turne my trust and hope,
And Anchors cheere in prison be my scope,
Each opposite that blankes the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy;
Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife, *Ham*
If once I be a widow, ever I be a wife.
King. 'Tis deeply sworne: sweet leave me here a
My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep.
Quee. Sleep rocke thy braine,
And never come mischance betweene us twaine.
Ham. Madam, how like you this play?
Quee. The Lady doth protest too much me think
Ham. O but shee'll keepe her word.
King. Have you heard the argument? is there no
Ham. No, no, they doe but jest, poison in jest,
King. What doe you call the play?
Ham. The Mouse-trap; marry how? tropically.
image of a murther done in *Vienna*, *Gonzago* is th
his wife *Baptista*, you shall see anon, 'tis a knavish
but what of that? your Majestie and we shall have
touches us not; let the galled jade winch, our w
wrung. This is one *Lucianus* Nephew to the King

Enter Lucianus.

Ophel. You are as good as a *Chorus* my Lord.
Ham. I could interpret betweene you and yo
If I could see the puppits dallying.